

For the Boys and Girls

A FIGHT IN MID-AIR

"It can't be done, I tell you!" his comrades, climbed the cliff, and "Cah! it has any one tried?" his friends below the rope. "But just think of it yourself friend which carried with him, the rope Eric—four hundred feet of precipice them is one by one. But the hardest with a stormy sea below, and the peace their task was still to come. chance of having to fight two eagles." Eric, one of the fishermen at once, each big and strong enough below. They're letting him down to tell a man with one stroke, a brave fellow I know, but what the price? Hold fast now, Eric, contradicted, accepting everything she said with enthusiasm.

"It was, indeed, a terrible venture. The military figure, swinging in the empty air at that fearful height, looking no longer than a spider dangling from its thread. Far below him the Horace or Clina." "Corcille's plays," she explained to me, "are excellent for him. They are a school of heroism and greatness of soul. They strengthen my will, which is a little flabby." He adores them and also the cape-and-sword plays. I am afraid that he will end up by being a Don Quixote."

Before Margaret McKellar, the missionary, came to Canada from the Highlands of Scotland as a very small child. Her father was a sea captain who had been going back and forth to India, when he came to Canada he piled his vessel on the Great Lakes.

Before Margaret was twelve years old she had gone to sea.

Her mother died. After that she

spent much time on her father's boat

and consequently was out of school

much of the year. When she was four

years old and in one of the low

grades she left school altogether.

Recently, passing by the ministry,

I entered to shake hands with my old

associates. Mme. Irene about

her husband. She burst out:

"What? Don't you know? He has

left me. The wretched cook. Who would have ex-

pected so happy? Can you understand?

And he left me a letter, in which he said: "I am going

to Caroline. She is a sweet, happy, martyred creature.

She has nothing but a man to protect her.

You hear that? It is my duty as a

man."

Dawn!

The skies are grey before the sun.

Rises in glory-chasing mists away;

As one its shadows vanish one by one.

When pluck shines out in all its brave array.

The waking birds sing songs of courage, cheer.

In the sweet freshness of a world new-born;

And here lift psalms of triumph over fear.

When double night gives place to hope's glad morn!

It matters not how black the clouds of sorrow.

For all of us the sun will shine tomorrow!

Hilary Brown.

Taking Risks.

Dentist: "Don't be afraid. You'll be probably unconscious while I'm extracting these teeth."

Patient: "That's what troubles me, doc. Isn't there some safe place where I can leave my roll before I take the risk?"

Go West, Young Woman!

In the course of a lecture on economics, says the Tatler, the lecturer mentioned that in some parts of America the population consisted almost entirely of men. "I can therefore recommend the ladies to emigrate to these districts," he added jocularly.

At last a young lady in the audience rose in her dudgeon and prepared to leave the hall. As she was making her exit, the lecturer remarked with a smile: "I did not mean, however, that it should be done in such a hurry."

No Wonder.

Johanna was gazing at his one-day-old brother, who lay squealing and yelling in his cot.

"Did he come from Heaven?" inquired Johanna.

"Yes, dear."

"No wonder they put him out."

Mme. Irene explained to me:

"I have put him in charge of the kitchen and the housekeeping. I saw

at once that he was not the kind of man

to live among men. At the office all

the others would have trampled over him. I made him resign, and I alone remain at the ministry. He bustles

himself with household matters—the

marketing errands, taking care of the

laundry, mending and shopping. Ex-

cellent to do, he would not know

how to complain. It is good that

everybody should fill his proper place.

Moreover, he is as happy as a fish in water. Did you ever see him look better?"

"Be seated! Be seated!" Arthur cried joyously.

He was the very image of happiness

—laughing eyes in a ruddy face, the

lip of a gourmand, conversation full

of unction. Everything about him

testified to his extraordinary content

ment with himself and his surround-

ings.

I complimented him on the leg of

motion. He was radiant. Turning to

ward his wife he sought a confirmation.

"Not bad, is it, my little one?"

He became evasive.

THE PROTECTOR OF THE HOUSEHOLD

By Georges Sourcel

Translated by

William A. McPherson

When she entered the office, massive vigorous, solidly planted on her feet, Perleus cast a glance at her masculine colleagues which seemed a pale possession of the entire assembly. She announced immediately that she was still unmarried, in spite of her hasty propensity to make great sacrifice.

That declaration impressed her nearest neighbor, Arthur Carlier, a pale as a gleam of moonlight, a poor little widower whom his wife had always hemmed.

"In my opinion," Irene asserted, "a single not to trespass on the personality of her husband."

"On that proposition," Arthur answered, "I think we shall find ourselves of one mind."

They did find themselves of one mind, and very quickly. A month after Irene's arrival, they announced their marriage.

"What I like especially about her," Arthur explained, "is her breadth of spirit. She understands perfectly the husband's role, which is one of earth, city and protection."

He said this in a mild voice, with the candid eyes of a small boy who has been kept in subjection. Irene, for her part, did not conceal that her soul overflowed with tenderness, and that she was all reconciliation and negotiation.

Sometimes, however, certain haughty looks and an impudent trembling of the lip revealed the lady's real nature. The psychological amateurs in the office made two contrary prognostications: Arthur's matronly would be giddy; Arthur would be the real master and would experience unequalled felicity.

After a two-year absence I met on the street, his eyes filled with pack-

ages, my old comrade, Arthur Carlier, his face red and his step elastic.

"It was in my wife," he said, "who accomplished the metamorphosis. What a wonderful wife! She makes me prodigiously happy. Above all, she respects my personality. On that essential point, you know, I would never have yielded."

But you must come and see us.

At luncheon with us if you want to know what conjugal happiness is."

I could not refuse such an opportunity.

To see a prodigiously happy couple, not so common a spectacle.

Anne, Irene had lost none of her authority. I found her exactly as I had known her before—with an impulsive and a very short and decisive smile.

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